

THE FORBIDDEN ROAD

By MARIA ALBANESI.

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CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Katherine Granger was far too busy in these first days of new occupation to give much heed to the fact that Rupert Haverford had sent no answer to the letter she had written to him.

Naturally the life was not so golden-hued in these after-days as it had seemed that first day.

She found the children, if not exactly spoiled, certainly not trained as they should have been.

With the elder one, indeed, a good many difficulties threatened, but Katherine was resolved to find nothing too hard or difficult, and her long experience of school discipline came into splendid prominence.

Her starting task was to try to put a little organization into the life of the nursery.

She did not mind what she did herself to bring about some method to regulate the hours, but she quickly let the servants know that they must meet her half way.

She found it necessary to change any number of accepted habits. When she learned how irregular had been the nursery arrangements, she marveled that her little changes were so healthy or so tractable.

Dennis gave her great assistance. "You keep things down, my dear. Don't you be afraid of having your own way. The mistress won't interfere. She trusts every one. That's why she gets done so often."

Another time Dennis introduced the question of expenses.

"The way money is just thrown away in this house! There's not a one, bar none, myself, to give a thought to the one as has to pay. Why, many's the time I've seen nurse pitch away a bottle of special milk that couldn't be used; and d'ye think that stopped her in the kitchen?"

Not that there had been waste and extravagance to an almost criminal degree Miss Granger had quickly discovered for herself. Dennis had told her that the children possessed more feathers, trills, more lace frocks than any other children in the United Kingdom, and this was no exaggeration. In all things that were practical and necessary, however, they were as shrewd and as ragged as any little beggar in the street.

Every night Katherine devoted herself to overlooking the children's wardrobes.

She mended what could be mended, and arranged all as far as she could, but she could not spin stockings or weave warm winter garments out of thin air.

For a day or two the girl hesitated as to whether she should approach Mrs. Lancing on this subject. She was really unwilling to do so, but finally decided it was better that she should go straight to the point in this and in all other matters connected with the children and her care of them.

And so one evening, as Camilla was dressing for an early dinner engagement, there came a knock at her door, and Dennis asked if she would see Miss Granger.

Mrs. Lancing was sitting in front of her looking-glass; her short, wavy hair was loose on her shoulders, and she looked startled when she saw Miss Granger.

At sight of Katherine she took alarm, her looking-glass; her short, wavy hair brushed protestingly.

"Don't tell me that you have come to give me notice," she said, "because I won't take it."

The girl laughed.

"I am still marveling at my good fortune at being with you," she said. She looked admiringly at Camilla. How pretty, how very pretty, this woman was! Each time that she saw Mrs. Lancing she seemed to see her in a more attractive way.

Now, in her white flowing gown, with her curly hair falling about her face, she looked hardly older than little Betty herself.

There was an unconscious wistfulness in Camilla Lancing's eyes that waked a strong rush of tenderness and protective affection in Katherine's heart whenever she looked into them.

Brief as had been her stay in the house, she had been long enough to know from other sources than Dennis' confidences that trouble stalked side by side with the gayety; long enough to have grasped with that intuition which was one of her strongest gifts that the charming, child-like, happy-go-lucky mistress of the house would always buy her sunshine very dearly, with a heavy shadow threatening it.

Camilla heaved a sigh of relief.

"I breathe again," she said; "sit down and let me look at you. Well, you are better, I think; you have a nice bit of color, but you must get much, much fatter. Are the chickens asleep? Dear child, I must congratulate you! You are a marvelous person. We have never had such peace in the house as we have had since you have been here—have we, Dennis? And you are such a child yourself! How is this sort of thing done? I suppose it comes naturally to you."

"I am so glad you are satisfied with me," Katherine Granger said. She sat down and looked about her curiously, and yet with pleasure. The dainty appointments, the rosebud chintz, the lace-covered bed, upon which was spread the gown Mrs. Lancing was going to wear, the crystal-topped toilet table with its burden of brushes and jars and scent bottles and knick-knacks, the cozy chairs, the soft carpet, all made a picture of prettiness, luxury, and comfort such as had not even visioned itself in her imagination, busy as that had been at times.

Portraits of the children bounded, and in the middle of the mantle-shelf Katherine noticed a large cabinet photograph of Edward Lancing. The children had a smaller one like it in the nursery.

Betty kissed it every night after she had said her prayers, and Baby, of course, always clung to daddy's picture, no do the same thing. Although, as Betty said frequently, "You never knowed him, so he isn't properly your daddy."

Katherine brought her wandering attention to order sharply.

"I have come to bother you," she said. "Dennis had begun to comb out the brown curls and arrange them in a loose and a graceful manner, fastening them here and there with a sparkling pin."

"I have brought a list of the things that the children want."

"Do they want anything? They had new coats and hats the day you came," said Mrs. Lancing.

She took the paper handed to her, and read it aloud.

"Stockings, nightgowns, flannels, shoes. Dear child! of course they shall have these things. But are they so badly off?" Katherine nodded her head.

"Yes, I have put everything together for you to see," she said. "I have only drawn what is absolutely necessary."

"Now, isn't that shocking, Dennis?" said Mrs. Lancing, with a note of desperation in her voice. "Doesn't it make you want to shake nurses? What did she do with the things? She must have eaten them."

"I've gone carefully through every drawer and every box," said Katherine, "and I cannot find any good clothes put away."

that these things would have been set right a long time ago, if only she had been given the authority to attend to them.

"You had better go to—No!" said Camilla, checking herself without mentioning the name, "you can't go there. I owe them quite a lot already, and that other shop in Regent street, they, too, are rather nasty about their bill. I'll tell you what, I will give you some ready money, and then you had better go and buy just what is actually required. What do you suppose these will all come to? Dennis, you are good at this sort of thing, you might help Miss Granger."

Dear sweethearts, fancy not having a stocking on a decent petticoat! She caught her breath with a sigh. "I am afraid I am not a very good mother."

"I'm sure you pay enough, ma'am," said Dennis. "Why, the money has just been poured out for the nursery this last year."

"Well, money is not everything, we all know that," her mistress said, as she took up her hand-glass and looked at the back of her head critically.

Katherine, for herself proposed a second time that Mrs. Lancing should see how matters stood, but Mrs. Lancing refused.

"No, no," she said; "I don't want to see for myself. Do you think I doubt you? I know only too well you have not exaggerated a single thing."

Here the sound of a cab stopping reached her ears.

"Oh, my goodness," said Camilla, "that must be Sammy, and of course, I am late! Dennis, get me into my gown quickly—quickly!"

Miss Granger moved to the door.

"Good-night," she said. "I hope you are going to enjoy yourself."

Camilla called her back.

"Do one thing for me like a darling, will you?" she asked. "Just run down and tell Sir Samuel that I shall be with him directly. I promised faithfully to be in time, and he does so hate to be kept waiting. And, oh! Katherine, will you find my chain bag; it is somewhere in the drawing-room."

Some one was being shown up into the drawing-room as Miss Granger left Mrs. Lancing's bedroom.

She paused a moment, and then went down the stairs.

"It's Sir Samuel Broxbourne, miss," the parlour maid said.

Katherine nodded her head.

"Yes, Mrs. Lancing knows. I have a message for him."

Katherine's first impression as she opened the drawing-room door was that the young man standing with his back to the fireplace was much too big for the room.

Sir Samuel did not trouble to remove his overcoat, and the heavy fur collar on this coat accentuated the squareness and breadth of his shoulders.

He always looked red, as if he had just come out of a bath, or had been running; his hair, too, had a touch of red in it.

All this Katherine took in at once glance, and she decided right away that he was a very ugly young man.

"Mrs. Lancing begs me to say she will be down directly," she said, and she moved past him, glancing to right and left in search of the gold chain bag.

Sir Samuel whipped his single eye into what he called his "off" eye, and followed the girl's movements. He made a mental note that these movements were decidedly attractive. As Katherine, having found the bag, was withdrawing and the door was half-closed, he suddenly spoke to her.

"Here, I say," he said, "can you— I mean is there any one in the house who can glue this button on for me?"

He pulled off one of his white gloves as he spoke, and held it out to her.

With a little from Miss Granger's hand, paused an instant, and then advanced and took the glove from him.

"It's a beastly nuisance when the but-

tons come off," said Sir Samuel; "the Johnnies that sell gloves ought to do the stitching themselves—eh?"

He was studying Katherine attentively, wondering the while who the deuce she might be. He thought he had sampled all the inmates of Mrs. Lancing's small house. Those he had seen he had found very unexciting; but this girl was different.

"I think this button is quite firm, it will not come off just yet," said Katherine, and she gave him back the glove.

Before he could speak again she had vanished, and the door was shut behind her.

Sir Samuel pulled the glove on with a jerk.

"D—d fine eyes," he said, "but she knows all about that, and puts frills on in consequence."

Mrs. Lancing's door was widely open, and she herself arrayed in all her glory as Miss Granger mounted the stairs and passed in for a moment to give the bag.

"Is he very furious?" asked Mrs. Lancing.

"May I admire you?" asked Katherine in reply. "This sort of thing is all so new to me. I have never seen any one in evening dress before, except once, and that was in a fashion paper." Her eyes had a glow in them as she scanned Camilla over whose white clinging gown Dennis was just slipping a tattered scrap of pink chiffon and chindilla. "How Betty would love to see you as you are now. She imagines you go to a fairy-world every night, and if she saw you she would believe in her dreams."

"I feel as if I were coming to pieces," Camilla laughed. "But I simply detest and abominate being hurried! Dennis, put a safety-pin in here, and you need not sit up for me. I have my key, and I expect I shall be late."

As she was passing out Mrs. Lancing paused by Katherine and kissed her lightly.

"You are a nice thing," she said affectionately, "and I wish you were coming with me. I shall take you to the play one night." Then gathering up her skirts, she rustled softly on to the landing and disappeared.

Sir Samuel's patience had evidently expired; he had emerged from the drawing-room, and was now expostulating.

"Don't swear too audibly," Katherine heard Mrs. Lancing say, with her rippling laugh, "or you will wake the babies, and then everybody will call you a monster!"

The girl's delicate brows met in a frown. Even in this far-off way she felt the arrogant familiarity of this man's manner toward Mrs. Lancing, and she resented it, just as she had resented his attempt at impertinent familiarity with herself. She supposed, however, as Sir Samuel seemed to be so intimate, that he must be a connection, probably a near relative. Later on, however, when Dennis came up from her supper, and they went together through a minute examination of the children's belongings, Katherine learned casually, from the maid's chatter, that Sir Samuel Broxbourne was not really a relation—only a friend; and she found herself wondering a little why so refined and dainty a woman as Camilla should care for friendship with such a man.

It was not the only matter that seemed strange and even inexplicable where Mrs. Lancing was concerned. Naturally Katherine was a novice in life as it was lived in the world in which the children's mother occupied a prominent place; she was, indeed, to a great extent ignorant of the ways and doings of everyday people (since at school she had known nothing of what passed beyond the school boundaries, and in Octavia Baynham's house her outlook had been even more circumscribed), so that it was no great matter for surprise if she found herself unable to understand all that passed about and around her now. But what she lacked in actual experience, in definite knowledge, was filled in by natural wit and sympathy and intuition. It needed no deep study to grasp the best and sweetest traits of so human a being as Camilla, nor was it necessary for worldly knowledge to open her eyes to the glaring faults, the glaring contrasts, in this woman's character.

A picture frock is in white crepe, de chine, embroidered in great stars of pearl and silver, faintly tinted with green. Soft folds of white chiffon are placed across the bodice, and the crepe de chine is brought over the shoulder, while long undersleeves of chiffon come over the hands.

The silks and satins which are put plainly on so many handsome men are not stretched and fitted as of old, but are glued. In place of the frayed ruching trimming which began the fall, hats are now coming out as ragged with multitudinous ribbon ends that they remind one of the woden silk rag portieres and up-country rag mats.

It is the fashion to be individual. You can have your delectable cut low and square back and front, or you can adopt a high V. You can have long sleeves right over your hands, or no sleeves at all, while the trailing picture sleeve, the infinite, chiffron affair, is perhaps the prettiest thing of all.

A charmingly simple dinner frock is in liberty tulle, of a dahlia shade, the bodice being turned back with revers of coral-colored velvet, and showing a chemise of coarse lace, with two matter blue silk roses. The stoles are of yellow velvet, finished with long golden tassels. The sleeves consist of two wide bows of the dahlia-colored satin.

The crowns of hats seem to be increasing in size. Some of the most gigantic

WOMANKIND.

Women have, naturally, more fortitude than men.

A violent temper is a woman's greatest affliction.

Amiability is the most charming characteristic in a woman.

Love of admiration has led many women into forbidden paths.

A woman with a cold heart is like a flower without fragrance.

Thoughtful women do little acts of kindness which bring them great reward.

Nothing but love and respect should induce a woman to assume the matrimonial yoke.

Untruthful women are often the mothers of mischievous lies that cause serious tragedies.

Women whose ambition leads them beyond their legitimate sphere generally come to grief.

Women, whose ambitions are independent of their husbands, rarely attain the goal at which they aim.

Artful women are an abomination; they practice their wiles upon the innocent and unsuspecting.

Coquettes may have their conquests, happiness never, and are destined to desolation in their old age.

Women's intuitions have saved many men from fatal mistakes on account of their confidence in their kind.

Women who anticipate the wishes of those whom they love increase their influence over them. It is the little things that make indelible impressions.

Fortunately for mankind, there are more saints than sinners among women. There are few unworthy women for whom they were intended by the all-wise Creator.

The fury of woman has always been pointed in strong colors, but no stronger than it should be if they properly resent wrongs sometimes inflicted upon them by unscrupulous men.

Women who are too busy to be kind, are too busy to be kind.

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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

I do not imagine that any of us really enjoy economizing. We all have a pet economy in which we find some amusement, but to be obliged to continually pare expenses with a careful hand is only diverting to an unusual woman like Mrs. Henry Granger, the fact that the average mortal regards the spectacle of an enormously rich woman scrubbing floors and cleaning paint in empty tenement houses as a sordid picture, for there are plenty of women who can be hired to do that work well, and there are numberless higher ways in which to utilize the activity of a woman who has the brains and cleverness of the eccentric woman of millions.

There is a difference between keeping money leaks stopped up an economizing, let me tell you. Every business enterprise has to follow the former course to be successful in these days. Just figure the loss to a street railway system of a single fare on each car for every day. Of course, that is an extreme figure, for so much loss occurs, but a fare is frequently overlooked, as we all know. My neighbor in a railway car rode six miles yesterday at the company's expense. The conductor neglected to take her ticket. It was not dated, so she quietly replaced it in her purse.

That conductor was ordinarily careful, but mistakes happen everywhere. The average housewife is probably careful, but she is occasionally and should not be censured. A number of housekeepers never see little leaks, and others do not care whether they exist or not. They are the women who deserve to be put on a short allowance of money.

It is no hardship to save in one direction to spend in another. I once met a college professor and his daughter, chums, with similar tastes and happy natures, and they found real delight in saving for a yearly journey to some new place, where they could live simply, and browse among pictures and ruins and other interesting things. They had to do some pinching to get their holiday, but they never thought of it as a hardship.

I have noticed that the girl who has grown up with a money allowance is generally sensible about planning to keep her desires within its limits. The training has been beneficial in helping her to steer clear of expenses, which mean discomfort for some days. It is the woman who has credit, or a generous husband, or a fluctuating income, that feels the uncomfortable pinching of contracting dollars. She has allowed herself the indulgence of dreams which need money to become realities, and she gets before her list of necessities is complete. Sensible action would have made the way clear of such obstacles.

BETTY BRADEN.

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow.
—Thomas Campion.

From What to Eat.

What's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head?
—Moore.

That "Love is blind" one can't dispute
(He's often deaf and dumb to boot).
But if he sightless be, I pray,
How does he always "find the way?"
—Walter Pultizer.

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SKANN'SONS & C

8th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"STORE HOURS, 8:30 A. M. TO 5:30 P. M.
SATURDAY, 9:00 P. M.

Big Bargains To-day are SKIRTS AT \$7.95

Worth \$10.00

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Worth \$15.00

Worth \$20.00

Worth \$25.00

This is one of the biggest and best skirt sales of the season, and results chiefly from the need of ready money among New York makers—a condition of which we were quite ready to take advantage.

Toasts.

Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome.

May your wine and wings to old time but not make us insensible of his flight.

May Friendship propose the toast and Sincerity drink it.

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